The kitchen in my mema's house smelled of cigarettes and coffee. I see the image of her sitting at the head of the table smoking long drags of a cigarette, and as a child I always thought it was funny when smoke came out her nose. The coffee always steaming in her cup, just milk, no sugar, and the "big pot" always brewing when family was there. The talking was always loud and the ash from her cigarette long. Crushed butts in her ashtray next to her mug. So many Sundays spent here as a child, sitting on Mema's lap, listening to adults talk, or playing with my cousins. One strike of a match or sniff of a cigarette brings me back to that kitchen.